

have the service; they go over to Wallace for it. Our minister is Mr. MacPhail.

I would like to see a letter from Janie Swan, of Mill Brook, as I was up there with my uncle over a year ago. Are there any correspondents in Amherst? I would like to see letters from my cousins there. I wanted to get some names for the pledge crusade, but was not able to do so, the weather was so bad. I have not seen any names I knew in the roll of honor. I read 'Black Rock,' by Ralph Connor, while on the Gulf, and liked it very much. I kept 'The Man from Glengarry,' so I could read it again.

I hope Miss Byers will write again. The letters are much more interesting than formerly. Unlike most of the correspondents, I have never attended school in my life. CHRISTIANA JEAN McI.

Hood River, Oregon.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm five miles from town, and within four miles of the Columbia river, where two steamboats may be seen passing every day between eight and nine o'clock in the morning. They carry both passengers and freight. We live between two snow-covered mountains, Mount Hood and Mount Adams. This valley is noted for its fine strawberries and apples, and almost all other kinds of fruit do well here. The climate is very mild in winter. This valley is very heavily timbered, and has some large pine trees that are from seventy-five to a hundred feet high. Hood River, just below our farm, has an abundant water power. There is a saw mill about a mile from here, which is run by its waters. I was at the Hood River Falls last fourth of July, and had an excellent time.

We live two miles from our school-house and from Sunday-school.

SANKEY H.

Galt, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Our Sabbath-school teacher's name is Mr. Murray, and he takes a great interest in his class. The church is situated in the centre of the town, but we live quite a piece from there. I am going to give you a brief history of the town, and also a description of the semi-centennial held on July 17 and 18 of last year. Galt is known as the 'Manchester of Canada,' and is situated on the Grand River. It has long been known for the unusual beauty of its situation, the excellence of its manufactures, and the prominence of its educational institutions. In the last respect, it occupies a position unrivalled in the country, in that the foundation of its education was laid under circumstances of such a peculiar character as to give it a distinction held, I believe, by no other town in Canada. The town proper is situated in the valley, but it also extends over the many hills. It has a great many manufactures, including engines, boilers, all kinds of mill and factory machinery, saws, pins, flour and oatmeal. The Grand River flows south through the town, and supplies abundant water power. Preston is three miles distant, and is noted for its cotton and woollen mills. An electric car runs from Galt to Preston, and thus increases the business of the town. Galt has seven churches, a hospital, eight parks, a public library, with about sixteen hundred readers, three public schools and a collegiate institute. My sister and I passed the entrance examination two years ago, and have been attending the institute ever since. There are about one hundred and fifty-three pupils attending the schools and there are six teachers. They change rooms every three-quarters of an hour, and teach the lessons in the different forms, so that we have some of the teachers two or three times each day. We take up Latin, French, algebra, arithmetic, geography and Euclid, and like the subjects very much. The institute held a reunion on July 17 and 18 of last year, in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the school. Thursday, July 17, the first day, broke dull, with heavy lowering clouds that threatened each moment to descend in torrents of rain. As the day advanced, however, the breeze freshened and patches of blue began to appear here and there through the rifts in the clouds, and ere noonday had come, the sun had gained the complete mastery, and

was blazing out its golden light from an almost cloudless sky. In the morning no special programme had been prepared. Many of the Old Boys, who had arrived in the town the previous evening, took advantage of the opportunity to revisit many of the familiar scenes of their school days.

Throughout the morning the railway stations were the scenes of great animation. The Old Boys were received by their friends and taken to the collegiate, where the duty was imposed upon them of telling who they were, where they came from, what their occupation and the date of their entrance as students to the school. They were then presented with a badge consisting of the collegiate colors bearing the year of admission to the school, and these colors were attached to a button having a picture of the principal of the school at the time of admission. Shortly before two o'clock the 48th Highlanders' Band of Toronto opened the programme with their grand Scotch airs. This was followed by speeches and sports. The remainder of the afternoon was spent in renewing old acquaintances and in enjoying the fine music provided by the band. The evening drew on, and the people left the campus to prepare for the evening's entertainment.

Towards eight o'clock a throng of citizens and visitors began to move towards Dickson's Park, where a band concert was to be given by the 48th Highlanders Band. This feature of the programme passed off to the enjoyment of everyone in attendance. The programme for the second day was of an informal character. An organ recital was given at ten a.m., in Knox church by Dr. Davies, and the Rev. Mr. Knowles there spoke a few words of welcome to the old scholars. The event of the afternoon was the garden party which was held on the collegiate campus, and at which two thousand citizens, pupils and ex-pupils were present. Everything was conducive to the enjoyment of the occasion, the weather was delightful, sweet music was furnished by the 29th Battalion Band, and the Old Boys were again privileged to enjoy the favorite game of cricket. At about five o'clock an elm tree was planted on the lawn in memory of the semi-centennial, and the spot for planting it was selected just north of the institute in front of the skating rink. The closing night's magnificent banquet in the town's skating rink was the scene of the most notable assemblage in Galt's history. The guests, the occasion, the decorations, all tended to unite the past with the present. Four tiers of tables extended from end to end, a glittering mass of linen, silver, flowers, with an Old Boy in each chair. At the sides and in the galleries the ladies sat, an attractive, if not an active factor in the function. After the banquet the people left town for their distant homes, and thus ended the semi-centennial.

MABEL M.

(Long, neat, interesting.—Ed.)

## HOUSEHOLD.

### Planning the Housework.

(Eleanor Marchant, in 'N. E. Homestead.')

A woman who would have her household machinery move smoothly should, if possible, do most of her planning over night for the work which must be done the following day. Very often a considerable share falls on a special day each week, and there will be a number of little extra things to do. For these she must plan, so they will not all crowd upon her at once. On such a day the cooking and clearing away of the evening meal can be entirely done away with. The good housewife can, with a little foresight, plan a picnic supper of sandwiches, cookies and fruit, and little wooden plates and paper napkins can be used. If there are children in the house they will enjoy it much more than the regular meal.

A desire for economy sometimes results in a most foolish expenditure of energy, which is really a very bad kind of extravagance. Perhaps she has been particularly busy all day and is feeling very tired, when in comes a neighbor who tells her of

a great shoe sale. In a moment she thinks of Tom's shoes—the child must really have new ones—so off she rushes to secure them. She returns, delighted to have gotten them a few pennies under the usual price. As a matter of fact, those shoes were an expensive purchase. It was like the proverbial straw that broke the camel's back, for the next day she is either moping about feeling incapable of work, or she is prostrated with a severe headache. Planning would have saved this kind of thing, and prevented the crowding of two days' work into one.

In planning and estimating a day's work some allowance should always be made for interruptions, and for the work taking longer than was anticipated. With too many 'irons in the fire,' such hindrances as a visitor, or having to console a crying child in some little trouble, make it difficult to maintain that calm, sweet temper, which is necessary to the woman who is not merely the mainspring of the machinery of the household, but its good angel who makes it home indeed to all that dwell there.

### Play for Children.

Play is the proper and natural outlet for a child's thoughts. To restrain his motion is to drive back his living fancy into the recesses of his mind, and this results in his confusion and unhappiness. Some children who are forced to be still and passive when they are longing for action, find relief in whispering over stories to themselves; but it is an unsatisfactory substitute for dramatic action. And it is also morally injurious, for the necessity of concealing one's ideas destroys after awhile the ability of fluent expression, and brings about timidity and distrust of our friends. —Florence Hull Winterburn, in 'Woman's Home Companion.'

The helpless man, when sickness comes into the family is a double burden. He can't start a fire, or make a cup of tea, and sometimes, were it not for the neighbors, he might be in danger of starving to death.

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